

# The World

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## FUSION'S OFFENSES.

No catalogue of high crimes and misdemeanors with which a party in office has ever been arraigned has exceeded in comprehensiveness, so far as can be recalled, that which Bourke Cockran drew up against the Fusion administration at the Carnegie Hall meeting.

The veteran orator is said to have been in his most eloquent mood and we can well believe that the Tammany braves became delirious with joy as the various counts in the scathing indictment of reform fell glowing from his fervid larynx.

What castigation of corruption there was! What righteous denunciation of iniquity in administration, what merited malediction of malfeasance! What lambasting of those who have so vilely betrayed their trust! What exhortation! The auditorium of Carnegie Hall has echoed to the impact of many winged words, but to nothing, we think, exceeding the inflammatory eloquence of the returned Tammany prodigal.

For "the graft which is the very life of the Republican party, the protective tariff"—for that, according to Mr. Cockran, the Low administration is responsible.

For the fact charged by Mr. Cockran that "the men of the Government have traduced their neighbors"—for that, also, Mayor Low and his associates are accountable.

For Mr. Platt; for the fact that no New York Central director was sent to prison for the tunnel disaster; for the higher insurance rates here and presumably for those in Chicago and San Francisco as well; for the beet-sugar industry; for assuming "the credit of a deceased death rate which was due to the mercy of Providence"; for the market price of bonds; for these and for other equally atrocious evils which have made the Low administration the "worst since Tweed's time" the reformers are called to account. Why were they not also arraigned for the offense of race suicide and the impositions of the Beef Trust?

In Mr. Cockran's speech there stands out conspicuously as the most hypocritical utterance of the campaign his reference to red-light tribute. "This giving of tips and bribes to policemen for conniving at the existence of disorderly resorts," he said, "both parties condemn, but the form of graft which really corrupts our whole body politic and saps the foundations of integrity"—is the Republican protective tariff!

That tariff is iniquitous enough. But its comparison with the brass-check tax of sin, the awful tithe wrung from the wages of shame, is a prostitution of argument amazing in a reputable orator.

## A DEPRECIATED SECURITY.

Sam Parks in jail, deserted by his friends, "without a chance on earth," despondent and in ill-health, is a pathetic figure. The whirligig of fortune rarely makes so complete a revolution so quickly. Yet the amount of actual sympathy extended to him is likely to be small.

Hardly six weeks have passed since the Labor Day demonstration in his favor, and not as many months since his introduction of force as the final arbiter of labor disputes raised him to a pinnacle of prominence. He preached a dangerous doctrine, to which while some ears listened more were deaf. Now the Parks creed, never freely subscribed to, is repudiated and its author abandoned to neglect. The brief interval of aberration is over and there is a return to the principles of sanity and sobriety in which lies safety. It is a hopeful and encouraging change.

And its most hopeful feature is the rejection of the false prophet. He is a depreciated security for which there is no demand.

## POPULAR SLANG.

"Cheaty" got into the dictionary last summer and perhaps no longer deserves quotation marks. Now "to jolly" has made its way into a Circuit Court decision and thus become eligible for lexicographic honors. As a word conveying a shade of meaning for which there is no synonym it is doubtless entitled to a place among regular terms of speech.

Just where "jolly" came from is uncertain. Future philologists may find a legitimate parentage for it, but from superficial observation it seems a founding of unknown birth. Humble origin, however, never handicaps a word's progress into good use. If its popularity justifies it, "gets there" in the end more readily than one of better origin.

It is to be doubted if there was ever before so prolific an output of slang as at present. New words spring up overnight, some to die in infancy. Of those that last nearly all will be found to possess as a claim to existence either a terseness or subtlety of designation wanting in the corresponding "dictionary word."

But who invents them? They come into current use with a mystery attached which is frequently impenetrable.

## KANSAS AND SIXTH AVENUE.

A serious shortage of domestic servants exists in Kansas and efforts are to be made by the State Employment Bureau to induce salesgirls from the big stores of New York to emigrate to the West to fill the deficiency. Was there ever a more ill-advised attempt at colonization?

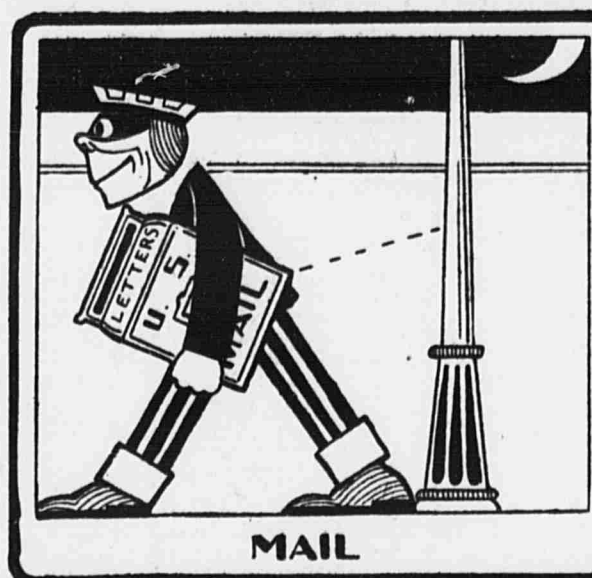
It usually happens that the colonist betters his lot. Of the shiploads of London girls consigned to Virginia many lived to become ladies of the land. New York girls going to Kansas might secure husbands who in later years could provide them with a gubernatorial mansion for a residence, or a wheat palace.

But to abandon Sixth avenue for the prairies of the Kaw! To leave the skyscraper's shadow for the shade of the alantus, give up Madison Square in exchange for a village green! Dances, lectures, moonlight excursions, the occasional radiance of the white light lane, and all the delights of city life foregone for a kerosene lamp in a country kitchen!

The bait to entice will need to be far more attractive.

**Price of Pie.**—For what was once the 50 cent table pie the charge is now 60; for ice cream and cocktail, for the staple articles of food and for the delicacies there has been an increase of price all along the line, slight in some instances, but general. Now the plain pie of commerce is to be raised from 2-1/2 cents to 4. It threatens a further increase for all forms of pastry, to which pie is a basic stabilizer of values as pig iron is for steel products. It is a menacing movement. Dearest home in land, but dearest pie will involve an attack on the domestic economy household.

# No. VI.--Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.



## Conversations Of a Chorus Girl.

*You Know What a D-d-mal Day It Was Yesterday? Well, She Just Stayed in the Flat Listening to Amy De Branscombe's Mother Rave About Society and Mutilate the English Language.*

BY ROY L. M'CARDELL.  
(Author of "Conversations of a Chorus Girl," the humorous book hit of the year.)

"YOU'D a died laughing if you'd a bin round to Amy De Branscombe's flat yesterday afternoon and heard her mother," said the Chorus Girl.

"You know what a day it was—rain, rain, rain. And it's so dark in their flat that we had to light the gas. I'm stopping there for a while until I get settled. I let my things go to storage, and just brought my clothes and my canary round to the De Branscombes. Oh, the canary—we call it Birdheimer—the loveliest singer you ever heard."

"Dopey McKnight offered me \$100 for it. Of course, he hadn't the money, but then it shows you how a musician appreciates that bird."

"Then thrills of his'n," said Dopey to me, "is the most remarkable I ever heard."

"Dopey's wife ran away with a waiter in the Squared Circle Family Resort, where Dopey plays the piano, and, say, you ought to hear him rag. Dopey's wife used to whistle 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' and run in the trails in a way that was weird, but Dopey says that little canary of mine just put his wife's thrills on the Putz."

"He ought to know, because she still whistles there where he works, only, of course, Dopey and she don't speak since she ran off with the waiter. Dopey may be poor, but he's proud. He told me he'd 'a' handed the waiter—'You know him? Blond Charley, who sings 'The Palms and 'Who Will Wipe Your Tears Away, Irene?'—Well, as I was a-saying, Dopey told me he would have handed Blond Charley a couple, only he'd lost his job. And so he plays accompaniments for his wife and just treats her with silent contempt."

"Oh, I started to tell you about laying off in the flat and having to listen to Old Lady De Branscombe talking about how genteel her family was."

"Amy and I was laying off in our kimono. It was one of them days you don't care if the beds are made or not, and Amy was smoking a cigarette. Say, you didn't know she smoked? Why, Amy inhales 'em. She's a fiend. Of course, she uses a hairpin as a holder and don't stain her fingers, but you want to have your Egyptian headdress insured if Amy, the cigarette fiend, is anywhere near."

"But Amy is a good girl. Of course, she's ruined her complexion using that Blush of Roses Face Bleach, and, of course, she has a poor figure, but she's a good girl, and when she's fixed up to go out she looks real nice."

"Well, I was telling you about the old lady. There she was sitting up with her society cylinder on, giving us a rave of how her mother was so refined that she went violently insane when her mother, dear mother, was put in the veterinary surgery, because she put the social standing of the whole family on the Fritz by such a messianism, when I blocked her next bed by adding her to the old gentleman they call 'Uncle Jack' would be likely to propose to Amy if his wife died."

"Certainly not," said Grandma De Branscombe. "Why, Amy is nothing but a child in Uncle Jack's eyes. His affection for her is merely plutonic!"

"Amy didn't notice the break, but then, poor girl, you know she ain't got any education. But if 'plutonic' wasn't enough to stagger you sideways, her next crack stopped the sham-battle."

"I was merely busting to laugh, but I only said, 'Well, it would be nice if Amy was married to a well-to-do man, wouldn't it?'"

"And the old dame began to eat the English language again."

"Oh, dear me, Lulu," says she, "surely you know Amy's engaged to Mr. Woggenbaum? Why, she's been his fiasco for over a year!"

"Do you wonder that I went out with Charley and fell off the water wagon?"

## FOR A TRAVELLING KIT.

A bottle of lavender water and a dainty cambric pocket handkerchief will be found welcome adjuncts to one's travelling kit on a long journey. It will be found most refreshing, not only on the way, but at the end of the journey. A pair of thin slippers will also help in promoting comfort. Some physicians recommend a weak tea as the best drink for a long railway journey, but such things must always be left to the custom and temperament of the individual.

## The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

Carried Away by the Excitement of Local Politics, He Mounts the Hustings, but Will Never Do It Again.



## Sherlock Holmes BY A. CONAN DOYLE A Scandal in Bohemia

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective, is commissioned by the King of Bohemia to find a photograph which had been taken of the latter with Irene Adler, a prima donna. The King is about to marry, and Irene Adler is a woman of great beauty and intelligence. Holmes is a man of great skill and observation, and he is determined to find the photograph.

### CHAPTER VI. Outwitted!

SLEPT at Baker street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room. "You have really got it?" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes by the shoulder and looking eagerly into his face.

"Not yet."

"But you have hopes?"

"I have hopes."

"Then come. I am all impatience to be gone."

"We must have a cab."

"No, my mistress is waiting."

"I am in hopes that matters."

We descended and started off once more for Briony Lodge.

"Irene Adler is married," remarked Holmes.

"Married! When?"

"Yesterday."

"But to whom?"

"To an English lawyer named Norton."

"But she could not love him."

"I am in hopes that she does."

"And why in hopes?"

"Because it would spare your majesty all fear of future annoyance. If the lady loves her husband, she does not love your majesty. If she does not love your majesty, there is no reason why she should interfere with your majesty's plan."

"It is true. And yet— Well, I wish she had been of my own station. What a queen she would have made! Heaped into a moody silence, which was

not broken until we drew up in Serpentine avenue.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she.

"I am Mr. Holmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze.

"Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning, with her husband, for the 5.15 train from Charing Cross, for the Continent."

"What!" Sherlock Holmes staggered back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?"

"Never to return."

"And the papers?" asked the King, hoarsely. "All is lost!"

"We shall see." He pushed past the servant, and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the king and myself. The furniture was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves, and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open, and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night, and ran in this way:

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes: You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of the fire I had not a suspicion. But then, when I found how I had betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the king employed an agent it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as

an actress myself. Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran upstairs, got into my walking clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed."

"Well, I followed you to the door, and so made sure that I was really an object of interest to the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Then, I rather imprudently, wished you good-night and started for the Temple to see my husband."

"We both thought the best resource was flight, when pursued by so formidable an antagonist: so you will find the next empty when you call to-morrow. As to the photograph, your client may rest in peace. I love and am loved by a better man than he. The king may do what he will without hindrance from one whom he has cruelly wronged. I keep it only to safeguard myself, and secure me from any story which he might take in the future. I leave a photograph which he might care to possess, and I remain, dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes, very truly yours."

"IRENE NORTON (nee Adler)."

"What a woman—oh, what a woman!" cried the King of Bohemia, when we had all three read this epistle. "Did I not tell you how quick and resolute she was? Would she not have made an admirable queen? Is it not a pity that she was not on my level?"

"From what I have seen of the lady she seems, indeed, to be on a very different level to your majesty," said Holmes, coldly. "I am sorry that I have not been able to bring your majesty's business to a more successful conclusion."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," cried the king, "nothing could be more successful. I know that her word is inviolate. The photograph is now as safe as if it were in the fire."

"I am glad to hear your majesty say so."

"I am immensely indebted to you. Pray, tell me in what way I can reward you. This ring"—He slipped an emerald snake ring from his finger and held it

out upon the palm of his hand.

"Your majesty has something which I should value even more highly," said Holmes.

"You have but to name it."

"This photograph!"

The King stared at him in amazement.

"Irene's photograph!" he cried. "Certainly, if you wish it."

"I thank Your Majesty. Then there is no more to be done in the matter. I have the honor to wish you a very good-morning." He bowed, and turning away without observing the hand which the King had stretched out to him, he set off in my company for his chambers.

And that was how a great scandal threatened to affect the kingdom of Bohemia, and how the best plans of Mr. Sherlock Holmes were beaten by a woman's wit. He used to make merry over the cleverness of women, but he had never heard him do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, or when he refers to her photograph, it is always under the honorable title of THE Woman.

### THE END.

**"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"**  
The irate helms called at the general office of the life insurance company.

"We want to know," they said, "why you are so long in paying the \$10,000 called for in the policy our deceased relative carried in this company. He died three months ago, and we were promised we should have it in less than sixty days."

"What was his name?" asked the president.

"Benjamin Franklin Lunderschlagel."

"Ah, that is the reason, gentlemen," affably explained the president of the concern. "If it had been a short, easy name like David Jones or Thomas Johnson the matter would have been settled and you would have got your money long ago."—Chicago Tribune.

### CHICAGO'S DEATHS.

The excess of male deaths in Chicago is now more than 37 per cent. greater than the female deaths in a population which contains only 5.2 per cent. excess of males.

## The Man Higher Up.

How to Keep Hubby On the Water Wagon.

"I SEE a woman out West cured her husband of the booze habit by locking him up in a room for a year, and when he came out he didn't have any more thirst than a camel," said the Cigar-Store Man.

"It was one of the most horrible stories I ever read," observed the Man Higher Up. "Any man who has ever come out of a medal-wearing bat to the accompaniment of his own thoughts can pass the sorrowful hand of sympathy to that poor prisoner guy. Think of him all alone in his little room longing for a powder until his tongue felt like a resined boxing glove, and knowing that he couldn't get it! The wonder of it is to me that he didn't come out with his wisdom sprained as well as shy a thirst."

"After all, I guess it was probably the only way he could get on the water wagon. He had fallen off many a time and got run over by the wheels, and this time he had to be tied on, because he couldn't ride past a saloon. If he ever gets to the rum again after that year there will be something doing in the souse line."

"It's funny the various ways men prepare themselves for a water-wagon session. Most of them go into training with a nice, rosy bun that they lead around until it gets too heavy and falls on them. When they come out of the brannigan they have to go on another to keep from shaking to pieces, and so it is a continuous performance while the water wagon waits and waits."

"The real, consistent rummies on the water-irrigation thing are the strenuous periodicals. They are the boys who train along, stalling off the seductive highball or the joyous bubble water for weeks and months, and then they fall so hard that you'd think it was an imitation of the collapse of the Brooklyn Bridge. When they come out far enough to be able to look at the fingers on their right hands and not think they are gazing on bunches of bananas they find they are star boarders in a sanitarium."

"One of these stews is enough, and back on the wagon they climb. Pretty soon they get stuck on themselves. You have probably seen a kid riding on the hind end of an automobile and putting his thumb to his nose, with the fingers outstretched at his companions, as he passes them by. These periodicals who get sober by the sanitarium route are the same way. They can't see a man who can take two or three drinks and go home in a street car instead of a patrol wagon without trying on a course kid."

"There are others who go on the wagon involuntarily, but they are not numerous. I have met one few. I mean the victims of the habit whose loved ones try to cure them by putting dope in their coffee. I know a young guy who got quite a little organized on the occasion of his first wedding anniversary. He wasn't in love with the bride enough to go up to it and put his arms around his neck or anything like that, but a couple of balls now and then seemed to do him good. Well, his wife saw his finish, and sent and got something to put in his coffee."

"Did it cure him?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," answered the Man Higher Up; "it cured him of the coffee habit."

## A Warship's Mascot.

The mascot of the battle-ship Massachusetts is a three-legged dog named Rodger. The dog was brought to the ship at Culebra Island, V. I. When the ship was in New York harbor last winter the dog was allowed to go ashore with several of the men, and when on the dock was attacked by Bum, the mascot of the training ship Hartford. For a while both dogs put up a game fight, until Rodger slipped and caught his right hind leg between two planks. This was an opportunity for Bum to get the better of Rodger, and he rushed at him and, burying his teeth in the back of Rodger's neck, tried to shake him. As a result, the mascot of the Massachusetts had his leg broken and the boys separated them and carried their pet to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate it. On his return to the ship Rodger was unanimously elected an honorary member of the crew.

## Woman and Her Books.

It is the book a woman marks that is the only true index to her character. This conclusion has been arrived at after a long and persistent study of the sex. A woman marks a book openly as a man does, with a flourish of marginal notes and references conveying the impression that he is conversant with other books besides this one. He who has a pencil always handy will think nothing of using it on any and all occasions. It is like entering the holy of holies to read books that some women have marked. It is a violent rending asunder of the veil which she hangs before the door of her heart. The marks with which a woman scores her favorite passages at eighteen will be effaced at twenty; and she must have changed but little to leave those of twenty uneffaced at twenty-five.

## The Primitive Clock.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sangri, one of those islands of the Indian Ocean known as the Celebes or Spice Islands, found a curious time recorder lodged at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A book was placed between the sticks bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck, and the one to be struck next. The entry announced the time by striking the books on a large gong.